

self. "Gallon has got the best of me. He found that place and made the plan, and fooled me." He painfully lifted his clenched hands toward heaven and cursed vehemently until his curses faded into a perfect delirium of mad dreams. Far away on the hill the coyotes barked dismally.

No longer stealthily like a man of action, but with one desire, he struggled down the hill and out upon the mesa. Yet there was still in his eyes all the luminescent stars, and he could not fix his direction in his mind. For to his accustomed sight they all appeared brilliant and peculiar. Thus he kept on.

At times, in moments when the dead light which parched his throat at loved him to drink, he saw the one glimmering light, which marked the place where he knew Gallon had gone. Miles and hours became to him as nothing, yet finally through his sharpened senses he smelled water, and as the sun was rising over San Jacinto mountains he fell face downward into a stream. Some instinct told him that towns were built on hills; that consequently to find the town he should go upstream. So he struggled, stemming the current, dragging his feet, his left hand clutched into the folds of his shirt over the wound. In his heart was still smoldering the flame which in the fulness of his physical strength had been barred of his partner.

"I'll get him yet," he muttered.

CHAPTER II:

"You are under arrest."

At a way on the same dimly lit desert another man was seeking the same light. Thomas Gallon had realized that he was a murderer. What would happen to him if he were convicted of killing his partner? This was the thought which drove him on—onward toward the little speck across the mesa. Careless of the cactus, of the angelbrush, absolutely unmindful of the little gulches made by last year's rains, he tramped steadily onward, and as he did so there was formulated in his mind a plan not only to save the gold for his daughter, but to save his father's honor.

It is true of lights and ideals that the farther you follow them the fainter they grow, and it was with astonishment that Thomas Gallon suddenly found himself in the street of Valle Vista.

There is a lot of silent business in the mere sight of closed doors. Gallon looked down the street, and every door was closed except one. No hospitality. One single sign showed that law and order, always vigilant, held their way. He staggered on toward the green light which marked the sheriff's office. In there he found an alert deputy.

"Who are you?"

"I am Gallon," he said firmly. "The outlaws have got my partner, and near as good as me."

"What's the matter?" yelled a half drunken fellow, reeling out.

"Matina is out again!" cried the deputy. "Get the sheriff. They have got this fellow's partner. Then he turned to Gallon authoritatively and said: 'How much did you have?'"

"Nothing," said Gallon. "We did not strike anything, but they thought we had."

But with a quick gesture the deputy grasped Gallon's wrist and opened his hand disclosing a nugget. "Where did you get this?" he asked.

The old man stared down stupidly at that warm bit of gold. He had carried

"At the foot of San Jacinto mountain, on the upper level," Gallon stammered.

"Get your horses, boys," ordered the sheriff.

It was not just a few minutes until the posse, Gallon riding steadily on an extra horse, was scampering through the streets toward the mountains, now absolutely dark, as the moon had set. Sheriff Hawkins was not aware that as they crossed a wash a parting, growling man was crawling on his belly toward the solitary light which marked Valle Vista. Nor did Gallon, dimly riding toward the darkness which hid the scene of his crime, realize that Wilkerson was within ten yards of him as they splashed through the streets.

Then suddenly appeared in the sky a spot of white, which spread until the moon of the night had turned to dawn.

"Well, thank God it's daylight," said the sheriff to Gallon. "I guess we can get your partner all right now." And even as he spoke the dusk suddenly became enriched by the light of the sun gleaming in the east. The moment it struck the brass on his pony's bridle Gallon involuntarily reined in. Through his blistered lips he muttered: "Gold! Ruth!"

Inquiring eyes were turned on him. The sheriff shoved his horse over and asked: "What gold?"

At the same instant came the deputy on the other side of him.

"Say, chief, he says there was no gold."

A shrewd arm reached out and took Gallon's gun away from him. "I think I better keep this," said the sheriff, his dark countenance growing stern.

So this cavalcade made its way through the fresh California dawn until there was a sudden break in the mesa. The deputy threw out his hand. "There are a hundred gulches in these mountains. Which one is it, pardner?"

At the word "pardner" Gallon pulled himself together. The glitter of the brass on the horse's headstall and that word, should he tell them the location of that gulch? The stroke of one horse's hoof might disclose the mother lode, and yet he had told them the outlaws had killed Wilkerson.

His horse stumbled and threw him. When he got up he gropingly pointed his hands toward the hills and muttered: "That way, boys—that's where they got him."

Half an hour later the posse was grouped about the dead sea, and the sheriff was staring at a blood stained blanket.

"There has been trouble," he said abruptly. Then he turned to Gallon.

"Why in this coffee hot?" he said, lifting up the pot. The brazen tones of the sheriff cut the silence that followed.

"I don't see your man. I don't understand this. You are under arrest for the murder of—" He looked at Gallon and the old man involuntarily said: "Wilkerson."

All day the sheriff, with Gallon, his arms outstretched behind him, searched the gulches and gulches for the man who had killed Wilkerson. They had found the old man's body, as he was, merely laid, as if repeating a form. "The outlaws got him."

When the full moon had risen and the night life of the desert had begun grotesque life, built of fleeting forms and bizarre shadows, the sheriff called a halt up the canyon.

On one side of the gulley on which they were camped the sheriff's men had built a fire. It was against a rock which rose whitely under the moon. Gallon saw his chance. He worked his way to the fire and in spite of the pain held his hands out over the blaze until he felt the strands of the rope weaken and finally part.

A moment later he was making his way to where the horses were tied. He leaped upon the nearest one and within a second was on his way down the hill into the mist which filled the valley.

But the noise of his horse's hoofs on the rough shale of the hillside awakened the guard.

"I think I will have a cup of coffee," he said to himself sleepily and singlehandedly stretched himself. A moment later he flung the empty coffee pot into the darkness. "Sheriff," he cried, "he's gone!"

The sheriff lifted his tanky form as if by a single movement. "Who's gone?" he yelled.

"That man, Gallon," replied the guard.

"We must get him, boys!" the sheriff said. They rode to the edge of the hill and looked down into an impenetrable sea of mist, a mere pool of curdling moonshine.

"He's not away from us, boys," said the sheriff. "We'll never find him there."

Gallon rode quickly on, no longer seeking for a light, but for darkness, and yet as he felt the pony quiver under him he himself felt a strange tremor. Wilkerson was still alive somewhere behind that veil his enemy and the man who knew the location of the richest mine in all golden California.

Mission Street pier marks the point on the San Francisco water front where sooner or later every one in this world passes, and among the multitudes strange, subdued and unsubdued by the tremendous forces which make our civilization, Gallon found himself absolutely unobserved in this throng—he was as he hoped to be. Berthed at the pier was a steamship, quartermasted at the gangway, and a sign hung on the rail saying, "We sail at 6:45 P. M."

When he reached his cabin Gallon stealthily took out from his pocket a folded paper and looked at it. He laid it on the white covering of the bunk and once more dipped into his jacket. This time it was the picture of a girl. "I will save it for you," he murmured to himself. The hand soon held

but one movable article of furniture—a chest of strange workmanship and redolent of alien lands. Gallon stooped over and pulled at the lid. It came open to his touch, and he saw then a strange conglomeration of articles. An ivory tray, incense burners, but important. He picked it up, and as he did so one of its coral legs fell out.

To him it was a sinister omen, and he stared for a moment, staring at his breast. There he gave way to the hysteria of the hunted and the hunted. "I don't know whose god you are," he muttered, "but if you must have it—take it." And into the open pocket he thrust the paper that held the secret of his mine.

That sleep which is like a shor in the heart of a man before the Santa Clara was well to sea. He was awakened from it by the sound of an altercation.

"You've got to put back to port," said a voice in an odd tone.

There was a fusillade of shots, and then the deck beneath him tilted slowly. The chest slid down the deck toward shore. Gallon locked the chest, dragged it across the sill and then looked back to see an enormous wall of water. This wall crumpled, faded,



"You are under arrest—for the murder of—"

yet left him breathless. What was the matter? Then he saw huge columns of smoke pouring out from the after part of the ship. It was not the inexorable and avenging sea, but fire. He saw the boats go over the side. He saw two men struggling in the water—it was a dream. His consciousness held but two facts—one the chest that contained the secret of his mine, the other the key that had locked within that strange and alien depository the picture of a little girl.

Six hours later a heavy sea drove a piece of wreckage up the crumbling beach beneath a cliff on the Oregon shore. On it was a man—brine drenched, almost unconscious, but still able to crawl beyond the reach of the dashing breakers, clutching a key. It was Thomas Gallon.

He sat down and stared at the horizon. He had lost his left. Dimly he remembered those strange numbers that marked the position of that vessel during its destruction—far out on the horizon.

337, 23 west; 31, 27 north. But how to remember them? How to keep this precious information in his head. His groping fingers found the key. A moment later he was recasting the numbers on its soft surface.

"This," he said through his salt parched lips, "is the master key." He stared up at the blue sky, and then bowed his head in bitter weakness.

"If Wilkerson is alive he knows. Every day is the same. When one I find the secret of The Master Key?" Thomas Gallon then picked up his letter file and duly looked over its contents.

"Funny," he thought to himself, "that that engineer that I wrote to Drake about has not turned up." He fumbled the letter uncertainly, but the same caught his eye—John Dorr.

At that very moment the motor stage changed slowly into camp, and a tall, heavily built man swung down into the street, suit case in hand. He looked about him with a trained eye. He saw the opening of a mine upon the hill—the treacherous crawling toward the dump, the pump house—all the paraphernalia of an active mine, but he also perceived that the stamp mill was silent.

"I'll bet they've lost the lode!" he thought to himself. He turned to a miner who was passing and asked: "Where is Mr. Gallon?"

"On there in that bungalow," was the reply.

John Dorr straightened himself up and went quietly up the activity, until he finally arrived before a typical California house. To his great astonishment a slender, fair haired girl confronted him instead of the brusque, rude miner he had been led to expect he would meet on his arrival at "The Master Key."

"I'm John Dorr," he said awkwardly. "I came to see Mr. Gallon. I am the new mining engineer."

Ruth looked at him critically. He was nothing like the men she was used to. His clothes were good, he fairly breathed soap and water, and his very apparent strength glowed beneath a clear, smooth skin and well proportioned limbs. Then she met his eyes in frank admiration.

"I'll bet father," she said, but she still hesitated. That gentle pause brought the blood to John Dorr's face. He realized that this was a moment he would always remember.

COLDS

An up-to-date remedy for colds. That is what Peruna is. In successful use over 50 years.

Colds are caught in many ways: Illy ventilated rooms; rooms that have direct draughts; crowded rooms; damp houses; stuffy school rooms; offices illy heated.

A dose of Peruna at the right time, at the first symptom of cold, before the bones begin to ache, before the sore throat manifests itself, or the cough, or the discharge from the nose, just a dose or two of Peruna before these symptoms begin is generally sufficient. But after the cold is once established with the above symptoms prominent, a bottle of Peruna, or maybe two, will be necessary.

"For several years I have been troubled with colds at each change of season. I took Peruna and have not been troubled with the slightest cold this entire season." Mr. Harry Fisher, 1225 Mosher St., Baltimore, Md.

"I give the children Peruna if they have a cold, and it always relieves them." Mrs. J. D. Hayes, 1917 Druid Hill Ave., Baltimore, Md.

"When I feel a cold coming on I take a little Peruna, and it does me good." Mr. Charles S. Many, 12 Water St., Ossining, N. Y.

"No family should ever be without Peruna. For it is an unfailing cure for colds." Mrs. M. E. Jones, Burnsville, Ky.

Thanksgiving Proclamation.

Governor Cruce, in his Thanksgiving Proclamation, points out that the people of Oklahoma during the last twelve months have advanced to a higher plane of Christian living.

He sees an access of modern enlightenment in the majority vote of the people "whereby certain laws have been made a part of our code, making Oklahoma a better place in which to live."

This is a reference to ratification by the voters last August by making race track gambling and betting a prohibitory offense. The proclamation points out that decided progress has been made in all lines of education and that charity is being dispensed with more prodigal hand than at any time during Oklahoma's past history.

Governor Cruce notes that we have had impressed upon us as never before, the fundamental lesson that God would have us learn the human character is of infinitely more value than worldly possessions, "that he who lives not for himself but for his brother, will bring unto himself the blessings and happiness no human factor can bestow, and in the end will receive a crown of righteousness more enduring than all the temporal things fashioned by the hand of man."



LEE-HUCKINS HOTEL 450 Rooms (ONE-FLOOR)

The Seventh Floor is Reserved for Women Traveling Alone and Gentlemen with their Wives. Women Clerks are in Charge.

The Orpheum

IN A CLASS BY IT'S SELF

Kool - Kleau
Komfortable
Always the Best

PICTURES

THE BEST OF MUSIC ALWAYS

Admission 5 and 10 cents
WORTH MORE

No. 666

This is a prescription prepared especially for MALARIA, CHILLS & FEVER. Five or six doses will break any case, and it taken then as a tonic the fever will not return. It acts on the liver better than Calomel and does not grip or sicken. 25c

Kiersey Items.

D. A. Grounds of Roberts was up last Thursday with a load of corn. He is moving to Kiersey.

All but the seats, which have not. The school building is complete. Come yet and we cannot have school in the new building until the new seats arrive.

Jim Gurley is improving. The fever seems to be checked.

Mr. Green of Berry was down one day last week. He is moving into the house formerly occupied by Mr. Hunt. He will open up a stock of general merchandise.

Con Kiersey made a trip to the Kiamichi mountains and bought land. He will move his stock there in the near future.

Rev. B. T. Robinson went to Durant last Saturday on business.

F. G. Hawk loaded a car of brick and tools needed in the construction of the new school building.

Ed Banks lost a horse by colic last Friday.

Mrs. W. H. White has been sick, but we are glad to note she is very much improved at this time.

Dr. Armstrong of Mead, was in Kiersey last Saturday to see Mrs. White.

We are glad to note that Grandpa Hallbrook is up again and able to pick cotton.

Rev. B. T. Robinson and family went to the river last week to visit Mrs. Robinson's mother.

Cotton is about all picked and the corn gathering is about all done, and potatoes are about all dug; hay is nearly harvested, so the farmer is about up with his work.

The new bridge just north of Kiersey is a great help to the people coming from that part of the country. Many thanks to the county commissioners.

UTICA ITEMS

Ero, Harris of Albany, filled his regular appointment in Utica last Sunday. Ero, Harris is a fine preacher and the church is to be congratulated on calling him as their pastor.

Roscoe Pearey came in from Wister, Texas, last Sunday.

Ed Gill called on his best girl Sunday and also attended church. Glad to see you Ed, come again.

Ed Pearey left last week to pick cotton and has located at and near Vernon, Texas.

Charley Parls is still confined to his bed but at this time is some better.

Early, Robert, and Roscoe Pearey left Monday for Vernon, Tex., to pick cotton.

Mrs. Jim Lynch left last week to visit her son in Dallas county, Texas, and will remain in the Lone Star State for some time.

Prof. Halseell, our school teacher, was with us all last week and began school on Monday the 16th. The trustees are to be congratulated on securing the services of Prof. Halseell as teacher at this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Sparks attended church in Utica last Sunday.

Uncle John Fitzgerald will move to Utica soon. Glad to know these good people are coming back to live with Will McGowan and M. B. Pearey.

George Reagan, Noah Hines, and C. E. Thornley, and a number of the other boys have gone on their annual hunting trip to the Boggies.

After the fine rain of last week the farmers are getting ready for fall us.

HULLS MEAL

Two Pounds of Feed

FOR

One Pound of Seed

The Feed Crop is Short. It will pay you to exchange Seed for Feed

Bring 2,000 Pounds of Seed and Take back 3,500 pounds of Hulls and 500 Pounds of Meal. It will make a balanced ration for milk production and better than Seed.

Durant Cotton Oil Co.

Durant, Oklahoma.

LINTERS DURCO

DR. HENDERSON

809 Walnut Street, Kansas City, Mo.

A Regular Graduate in Medicine, Oldest in Age and Longest Located.

OVER 35 YEARS' SPECIAL PRACTICE IN KANSAS CITY

ESTABLISHED 1870, For the Treatment of

Chronic, Nervous and Private Diseases

Consultation free and confidential, personally or by letter. Charges low. Patients at a distance successfully treated. Treatment sent securely packed—free from gaze or breakage. No detention from business. Latest approved treatment for

Blood Poison, Nervous Debility, Bladder and Prostatic Troubles, Phimosis, Hydrocele, Varicose and all Infections and Contracted Diseases.

Gleet and Stricture

Send for FREE BOOK

Successful treatment. No operation—no insupportable—no pain—no danger—no detention from business. Curable Cases Guaranteed.

For both sexes—of course. Illustrated, full description of diseases treated—effect and treatment—sent in plain sealed wrapper.

The Durant Weekly News \$1.00 PER YEAR